

# Good 658 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

All Folks  
at Home for  
A.B. John  
Watson



## STUART MARTIN concludes the case of Sacco and Vanzetti A DEATH-HOUSE TRAGEDY THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD

I AM taking no sides in the Sacco and Vanzetti crime case. I want that to be perfectly clear. Men (and women) have been executed in Britain when not a few believed the verdict unjust.

But I don't think that any case produced such a series of protests as the Sacco and Vanzetti case. It was eleven o'clock that tragic August night when the witnesses gathered at the Boston prison to see the law was carried to its end. I think that from every country in Europe—there had come expressions voiced against the execution.

For seven long years there had been postponements and legal arguments. For seven years these two men had been kept in the death house.

Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald in England uttered these words openly and without qualification: "The whole thing is too terrible."

Herriot, of France, said frankly, "I am against this punishment which has lasted seven years. Sacco and Vanzetti ought now to be released."

The Daily News (London) wrote: "No one ought to be treated as these men, whatever they have done."

Le Temps (Paris) thundered: "We wish to see these men spared because we think they

have suffered enough these seven years of martyrdom."

There were similar opinions pouring into America during the respite granted by Governor Fuller. That twelve days' respite had been twelve days' additional torture. The people of all America were keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement.

But, in spite of all this, and in spite of the vehement endeavours of the defence and the alleged contradictions of the witnesses for the prosecution, the death march of Sacco and Vanzetti was slated to begin at three minutes past midnight on August 22.

Now, just here I want to state something that seems a queer sideissue of the whole business. Sacco and Vanzetti did not die alone that night. Nobody seemed to take any notice of a third man who was due for the chair. He was a young Portuguese, named Celestino Madeiros, who had gunned a bank cashier.

He had had seven respites, and the seventh was his last.

There was no outcry raised on his behalf. No political, or social organisation took up his case. No petitions were signed for him. He was practically friendless from the moment of his arrest.

Behold us then, sitting in the

death chamber, with Bob Elliott fixing up the execution chair and testing his current, when the clock struck midnight. And outside the prison thousands of people were milling around, and armed police were on guard to see that there was "no trouble." As if there was not trouble enough inside the prison already.

It was not only in Boston that crowds paraded up and down. In New York people were so charged with uneasiness that they gathered in Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and before the newspaper offices, waiting for the news bulletins to be chalked up. "Women fainted and men ran wild," said the New York World next morning. "Many sat on the kerb, heads in hands in anguish. Many wept."

That was the "atmosphere" in the streets. Inside the prison I can't describe it. Everybody was silent. We couldn't talk.

There was only one thing we could have talked about and that was the executions; and we didn't want to talk about them. Death was standing beside us, a cold Reaper sending the chill of his presence into our bones and marrow.

Silence! Silence! Silence! Every eye on the clock. A few of us shivered. And then—A door clicked, feet sounded in the passage. The death march was on.

With a guard on either side of him came Madeiros.

He was in a semi-stupor. He looked straight ahead, walked

straight ahead—would have walked past the chair, but a guard stopped him—he sat down—was strapped in—at exactly nine minutes past midnight he was dead.

They unstrapped him and carried his body away; and that was the end of Celestino Madeiros.

Nobody spoke. We sat there, dumb, in the ante-room of Eternity.

They went after Sacco, whose cell was next that of Madeiros. The spotlight of public interest seemed to blaze out as he came.

They call that short walk the "last mile." I don't know how short or long it seemed to Sacco. He was deathly pale, and was moving forward under terrific strain.

There was no clergyman beside him. He had refused "spiritual consolation." He went right to the chair, sat down, gripped the arms convulsively; and as the guards worked at the straps, he found his tongue.

"Long live anarchy," he cried; screamed really.

And then I noticed something. The guards were looking here and there. Bob Elliott was looking around too, very anxiously, his gaze sweeping all around the chair. A minor crisis was present; but Sacco was unconscious of it.

He began to speak again. This time he was more master of himself.

"I bid farewell," he said in a high-pitched accent, "to my wife and children. I bid farewell to all the world."

He stuck there, seemed to make an effort, and addressed those who were watching him. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said. He babbled on. Nobody seemed to be listening.

Just then a guard swung into the apartment bearing something in his hand. It was the mask that is placed over the face of a person being electrocuted.

That was the reason of the searching and looking of Elliott and the guards. The mask had been lost. The truth was, it had been carried out by mistake when Madeiros was taken away, entangled in his clothes.

"Farewell, mother," murmured Sacco; and then the mask was put over his face; and Elliott stepped to the black-handled switch and shot the current through him.

They took Sacco away, all that was left of him, and again the death march began. This time it was Vanzetti.

I'll say this for him, he was the coolest of the three. He, too, had declined a padre's attentions. When the guards went to his cell and signalled to him, he shook hands with them. He kept in step with them right up to the chair.

"I want," he said, as he sat down, "to thank you for all you have done for me, Warden."

Warden Henry shook his

WE called at 32 Logie Street, Govan, to see your mother, A.B. John Watson, and found everyone at home. Mother says Dad is expecting to go away for a week or so on trials with a new boat.

Here is your news in short bits. Betty is expecting to be called up fairly soon. Edith is mad on dancing, while Ena is going to Courtlands Road School and likes it fine.

James, your special pal, is now a Scout; he got the photo you sent. Margaret is still singing, and her latest is "You can't go to heaven in an aeroplane"—we guess she knows what she's talking about.

Nora wants a monkey from you, and Wee Georgie is expecting a pirate complete with cutlasses and sword—so it's up to you, John! Tiny (two years ten months) is in fine fettle.

Dad says he hopes to see you back soon to share a bottle or two at McCalls. Big Tom is always asking after you, and Billy and Sammy Dempsey also. Chrissie is looking forward to going to the Vogue Cinema again soon.

Your message ends with love from all at home.

hand, did not look at him, and stepped back. The Warden was feeling pretty bad just then.

Vanzetti looked right at the witnesses.

"I want to say again," he remarked, "that I am innocent. I never committed any crime... sin sometimes. I am innocent of all crime, not only this, but all. I am an innocent man."

We knew he was referring to the charge of hold-up for which he had been sentenced to 15 years.

They strapped him in; but just before Elliott drew the mask over his face he spoke again.

"I forgive some people for what they are doing to me right now."

And that was the last word

### Hypocrisy

WRITING in his parish magazine about Service-men's problems in connection with employment when they return to civil life, the Rev. J. H. Warren, vicar of St. Paul's Church, Harringay, says: "It is sheer hypocrisy to preach to a man about his soul when he doesn't know what a square meal is and is worried out of his life about food, clothing and shelter for his wife and children."

### Signatures

Letters which had been preserved for many years in a country house at Malton, Yorkshire, were the other day sold by auction for £5,400.

They were written by Benjamin Franklin between 1753 and 1767, and there were 33 in all—that is about £163 a letter. But none would have been worth the paper on which they were written, had they been unsigned. It was the signatures that called the price.

An interesting point about autographs is that dealers can nearly always spot a depression coming round the corner long before the economists and prophets get their forecasts into the papers. As soon as times begin to get tough, and the scions of our old and famous families begin to feel the pinch, valuable signed documents start drifting into the dealers' shops.

that Vanzetti spoke in the Massachusetts State penitentiary, the last he ever spoke on earth.

The switch was thrown, his body leaped, as they all do, and braced itself against the straps; sagged, and leaped again. And then a third time. A doctor stepped forward, applied his stethoscope to his chest, then nodded.

They took the sagged body away to the mortuary where the post-mortem was held without delay.

American law had been carried out, and was what its upholders called "satisfied."

Outside the prison the crowds still moved up and down, to and fro.

There was no scene, even if there was deep feeling. I heard only one man make a remark in the gloom. A taxicab came out of the main gates and drew away at increasing speed. The man shouted, "There he goes!" It was the taxi in which sat Robert G. Elliott, the executioner.

The demonstrations continued for some hours, but although Elliott had been advised to get police protection, because of the high feeling everywhere, he did not ask for security. He went straight to an hotel and slept until next morning, and went back home next day.

He told me later a curious fact in connection with the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti. In some cases, such as that of Ruth Snyder, he usually got a word of anonymous letters threatening him with "vengeance" if he carried out his job. He expected the usual lot this time. He never got a single one.

But one day, in May 1928, his house was dynamited when he was asleep, shortly after he had executed Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray. He had been warned, too. Yet I'd better stop here, or other stories will be crowding in.

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## 'Modest' Plans are Shaping for Tel. James Fleming



WHEN we visited 1, The Oval, Stamperland, Clarkston, Glasgow, Telegraphist James Fleming, the door was opened by your sister Eileen, who quickly called your mother to give us news for you.

Your mother said that everyone at home has had flu but have now recovered, and we must say she, herself, looked remarkably well and cheerful.

Brother John is still out in Italy, but hopes soon to be back for good. Eileen is still on sick leave from her flu bout.

The garden at No. 1 looks very charming with the early spring flowers out in bloom and a drop of rain made everything look very fresh.

Mother says your bike is safely put away ready for

your return. Dad is looking forward to going to "The Top Shop" for a drink with you and is keeping an eye open for a Rolls-Royce to start your motoring career in a modest fashion.

The old Bing records are still coming over fine and (says Eileen) the Paramount still gets some good! pictures now and then.

All at No. 1 send their love and hope to see you soon.



# Mystery of Midnight Millinery

## Concluding O. HENRY'S 4-DAY Story "BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY"

THE priest lit the lamp, and Lorison saw a tiny, tousled-haired boy, with a thin, delicate face, sitting up in a small bed in a corner. Quickly, also, his rapid glance considered the room and its contents. It was furnished with more than comfort, and its adornments plainly indicated a woman's discerning taste. An open door beyond revealed the blackness of an adjoining room's interior.

The boy clutched both of Father Rogan's hands. "I'm so glad you came," he said, "but why did you come in the night? Did sister send you?" "Off wid ye? Am I to be sint about, at me age, as was Terence McShane, of Ballymahone? I come on me own r-r-responsibility."

Lorison had also advanced to the boy's bedside. He was fond of children; and the wee fellow, laying himself down to sleep alone in that dark room, stirred his heart.

"Aren't you afraid, little man?" he asked, stooping down beside him.

"Sometimes," answered the boy, with a shy smile, "when the rats make too much noise. But nearly every night, when sister goes out, Mother Geehan stays a while with me, and tells me funny stories. I'm not often afraid, sir."

"This brave little gentleman," said Father Rogan, "is a scholar of mine. Every day, from half-past six to half-past eight—when sister comes for him—he stops in my study, and

we find out what's in the inside of books. He knows multiplication, division and fractions; and he's troubling me to begin wid the chronicles of Ciaran of Clonmacnoise, Corurac McCullenan and Cuan O'Lochain, the gr-r-reat Irish historians." The boy was evidently accustomed to the priest's Celtic pleasantries. A little, appreciative grin was all the attention the insinuation of pedantry received.

Lorison, to have saved his life, could not have put to the child one of those vital questions that were wildly beating about, unanswered, in his own brain. The little fellow was very like Norah; he had the same shining hair and candid eyes.

"Oh, Father Denny," cried the boy suddenly, "I forgot to tell you! Sister is not going away at night any more! She told me so when she kissed me good-night as she was leaving. And she said she was so happy, and then she cried. Wasn't that queer? But I'm glad; aren't you?"

"Yes, lad. And now, ye omadhaun, go to sleep, and say good-night; we must be going."

"Which shall I do first, Father Denny?" "Faith, he's caught me again! Wait till I get the sassenach into the annals of Tageruach, the hagiographer; I'll give him enough of the Irish idiom to make him more respectful." The light was out, and the

small, brave voice bidding them good-night from the dark room. They groped downstairs, and tore away from the garrulity of Mother Geehan.

Again the priest steered them through the dim ways, but this time in another direction. His conductor was serenely silent, and Lorison followed his example to the extent of seldom speaking. Serene he could not be. His heart beat suffocatingly in his breast. The following of this blind, menacing trail was pregnant with he knew not what humiliating revelation to be delivered at its end.

They came into a more pretentious street, where trade, it could be surmised, flourished by day. And again the priest paused; this time before a lofty building whose great doors and windows in the lowest floor were carefully shut-

ted and barred. Its higher apertures were dark, save in the third storey, the windows of which were

brilliantly lighted. Lorison's ear caught a distant, regular, pleasing thrumming, as of music above.

They stood at an angle of the building. Up, along the side nearest them, mounted an iron stairway. At its top was an upright illuminated parallelogram. Father Rogan had stopped, and stood, musing.

"I will say this much," he remarked, thoughtfully: "I believe you to be a better man than you think yourself to be, and a better man than I thought some hours ago. But do not take this," he added, with a smile, "as much praise. I promised you a possible deliverance from an unhappy perplexity. I will have to modify that promise. I can only re-  
/ve the mystery that enhanced that perplexity. Your deliverance depends upon yourself. Come."

He led his companion up the stairway. Half-way up, Lorison caught him by the sleeve. "Remember," he

gasped, "I love that woman." "You desired to know." "I—Go on."

The priest reached the landing at the top of the stairway. Lorison, behind him, saw that the illuminated space was the glass upper half of a door opening into the lighted room. The rhythmic music increased as they neared it; the stairs shook with the mellow vibrations.

Lorison stopped breathing when he set foot upon the highest step, for the priest stood aside, and motioned him to look through the glass of the door.

His eye, accustomed to the darkness, met first a blinding glare, and then he made out the faces and forms of many people, amid an extravagant display of splendid robes—

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. Xenon is a Greek historian, rare gas, Persian prophet, fabulous reptile, plastic material?  
2. When is Dog-whipping Day, and what does it commemorate?  
3. How old is President Roosevelt this year?  
4. What was the original haversack used for?

5. What are the "Boys" in a pack of cards?  
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Mean, Mediocre, Average, Medium, Moderate, Indifferent, Mere.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 657

1. Grammar-book.  
2. Supposed to cure the bite of mad dogs.  
3. Code of laws drawn up by King Alfred.  
4. 65.  
5. Canada.  
6. Acetylene is a compound; others are elements.



"Why, dear, you're blushing!"

## I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

MEET Evan Jones, man of many parts and one of the busiest men in Wales. He is village postmaster of Tanygroes, Cardiganshire, and is doing great work helping the wives of Service men with their allotments and war-time troubles. He is also GROCER, PAULAGE CONTRACTOR and DRAPER. And despite these many war-time duties he is Master of the Tivyside Foxhounds, and his pack meets practically every week during the season.



AND, talking of postmen, have you ever heard of old soldier William Thatcher, of Peterston-super-Ely? For 39 years he has been delivering letters in the village, and, rain, hail or snow, he has always turned up spick and span, his shiny boots being the talk of the village. The villagers have just clubbed-up to make him a presentation on retirement. The Ven. R. W. Jones, Archdeacon of Llandaff, who presided, said Bill was a real globe-trotter. He had walked an average of 17 to 20 miles a day, and during his career had covered 174,000 miles. Bill served in the Boer War, and in the Cardiff City Battalion in 1914-18.

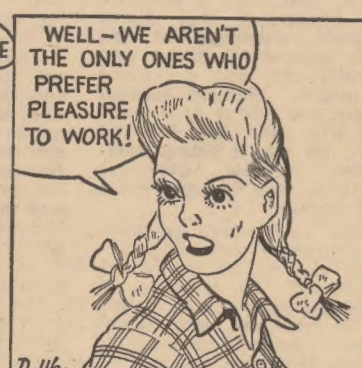


"JOHN MILTON was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English poets, having writting two Heroick Poems and a Tragedy; namely Paradise Lost, Paradise Regain'd and Sampson Agonistes; but his flame is gone out like a Candle in a snuff, and his Memory will always Stink, which might have lived in honourable repute, had he not been a notorious Trayter, and most impiously and villainously bely'd that blessed Martyr, King Charles the First."—William Winstanley, "Lives of the Most Famous English Poets," 1687.

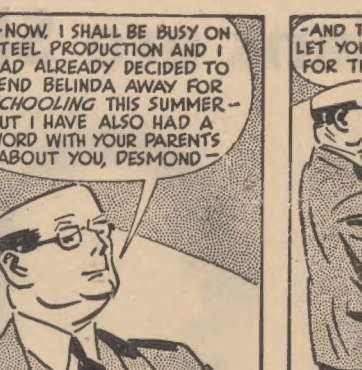
## Heard This Before?

Wife: "Present-day clothes have a splendid finish, haven't they, my dear?"  
Husband: "Yes, but the starting price is something awful."

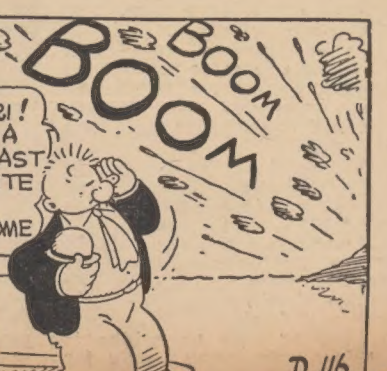
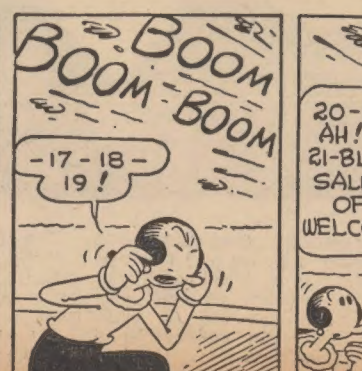
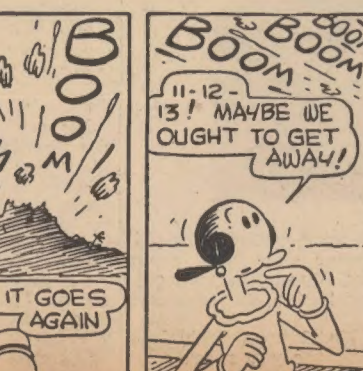
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 597

- 1. Behead a jangle (or a prison) and get a measure of length.
- 2. Take two letters from a ruler, shuffle the remainder, and get what he does.
- 3. Of what common word is OWLED the exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I have made a mistake, but will — it —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 596

- 1. S—pate.
- 2. PARIS—IN, ASPIRIN.
- 3. STEVEDORE.
- 4. Ladies, sailed.

JANE

BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY

(Continued from Page 2)

billowy laces, brilliant-hued finery, ribbons, silks, and misty drapery. And then he caught the meaning of that jarring hum, and he saw the tired, pale, happy face of his wife, bending, as were a score of others, over her sewing machine—toiling, toiling.

Here was the folly she pursued, and the end of his quest.

But not his deliverance, though even then remorse struck him. His shamed soul fluttered once more before it retired to make room for the other and better one. For, to temper his thrill of joy, the shine of the satin and the glimmer of ornaments recalled the disturbing figure of the bespangled Amazon, and the base duplicate histories lit by the glare of footlights and stolen diamonds.

It is past the wisdom of him

who only sets the scenes, either to praise or blame the man. But this time his love overcame his scruples. He took a quick step, and reached out his hand for the door-knob. Father Rogan was quicker to arrest it and draw him back.

"You use my trust in you queerly," said the priest sternly. "What are you about to do?"

"I am going to my wife," said Lorison. "Let me pass." "Listen," said the priest, holding him firmly by the arm. "I am about to put you in possession of a piece of knowledge of which, thus far, you have scarcely proved deserving. I do not think you ever will; but I will not dwell upon that. You see in that room the woman you married, working for a frugal living for herself and a generous comfort for an idolized brother. This building belongs to the chief costumier

of the city. For months the advance orders for the coming Mardi Gras festivals have kept the work going day and night.

"I myself secured employment here for Norah. She toils here each night from nine o'clock until daylight, and, besides, carries home with her some of the finer costumes, requiring more delicate needlework, and works there part of the day. Somehow, you two have remained strangely ignorant of each other's lives. Are you convinced now that your wife is not walking the streets?"

"Let me go to her," cried Lorison, again struggling, "and beg her forgiveness!"

"Sir," said the priest, "do you owe me nothing? Be quiet. It seems so often that Heaven lets fall its choicest gifts into hands that must be taught to hold them. Listen again. You forgot that repentant sin must not compromise, but look up,

for redemption, to the purest and best. You went to her with the fine-spun sophistry that peace could be found in a mutual guilt; and she, fearful of losing what her heart so craved, thought it worth the price to buy it with a desperate, pure, beautiful lie.

"I have known her since the day she was born: she is as innocent and unsullied in life and deed as a holy saint. In that lowly street where she dwells she first saw the light, and she has lived there ever since, spending her days in generous self-sacrifice for others. Och, ye spaheen!" continued Father Rogan, raising his finger in kindly anger at Lorison. "What for, I wonder, could she be after making a fool of herself, and shamming her swate soul with lies, for the like of you!"

"Sir," said Lorison, trembling, "say what you please of me. Doubt it as you must, I will yet prove my gratitude to you, and my devotion to her. But let me speak to her once now, let me kneel for

just one moment at her feet, and—"

"Tut, tut!" said the priest. "How many acts of a love drama do you think an old bookworm like me capable of witnessing? Besides, what kind of figures do we cut, spying upon the mysteries of midnight millinery! Go to meet your wife to-morrow, as she ordered you, and obey her thereafter, and maybe some time I shall get forgiveness for the part I have played in this night's work."

"Off wid yez down the shtairs, now! 'Tis late, and an ould man like me should be takin' his rest."

THE END

ALEX CRACK

"You remember that unbreakable toy you gave to Roy?"

"Why, has it broken?"

"No, but he's breaking everything in the house with it."

Folks Are Queer

CHAMPION skidder of the London Passenger Transport Board, Mr. Isaac Davis is retiring from the bus test-track. It was he who suggested making an oil skid-rink for pupil bus drivers, and he has been teaching and testing on it for the past 33 years.

Every bus driver has to drive a bus in full skid between two posts before he is passed out for road service. At their first attempt they nearly always feel more like a drink than at any other moment of their lives. But it is one of the secrets of the fine driving of London's busmen.

Mr. Davis started in bus driving with horses just before King Edward the Seventh was crowned—1902.

WILLOW trees he planted in Kent, Surrey and Sussex over thirty years ago are now being used by Mr. Montague Odd, of Robin Hood Lane, Sutton (Surrey), for making cricket bats.

It was some sixty years ago that he started sitting on the splice, and his bats have gone all over the world and have aided many a top-scoring cricketer to pile up the runs.

Mr. Odd has recently celebrated his 51st wedding anniversary at the age of 76.

And he still carries his bat.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

BEAST, KIWI'S, R. NOURISH, U. ORGAN, PLIES, TALKER, ELLA, HUE, FIFTEEN, C. CULLS, V. TOTALLY, LAW, OURS, STRATA, OSIER, ROUES, L. PIEBALD, H. SPEND, PESKY

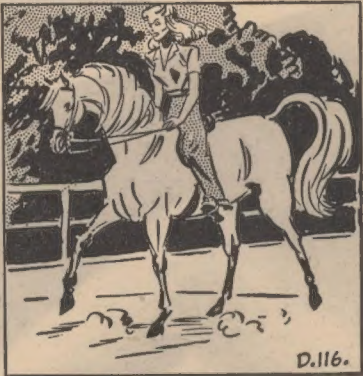
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CLUES ACROSS.—1 Ray. 4 River-flood. 8 Shelter. 9 Badly. 11 Long cut. 13 Trumpet sound. 15 Conceals. 17 Bath. 18 Violent. 22 Charge. 24 Red resin. 25 Trifle. 26 Moments. 29 Equipment. 30 Tendon. 33 Sickbed class. 36 Bathing place. 37 The fellow. 38 Of a city. 39 Holes ahead at golf. 40 Look for.

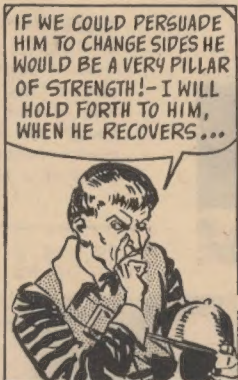
CLUES DOWN.—1 Shrub. 2 Sour. 3 Vocal music. 4 Collection. 5 Shields. 6 Dainty morsel. 7 Forty-five inches. 10 Lanky. 12 Compare. 14 Pronoun. 16 Compensation. 19 Pale. 21 Renowned. 22 Little bird. 23 North American. 27 Metal. 28 Boy's name. 31 Number. 32 Toll. 34 Cover. 35 Loud call.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE





# Good Morning

"Teach me to sit like Grand-mama used to sit sixty summers ago." Now it's all rush and hurry — it used to be only bustle!



★ Many a fish has been caught in a net — and many a poor fish has been landed with a pair of fish-net stockings! Linda Darnell, 20th Century-Fox star, saucily illustrates this gem of modern wisdom. ★



**THIS ENGLAND.** We always thought the chief industry of Polperro, in Cornwall, was honeymooning, with a sideline in scenery for artists. Seems we weren't quite right about this. A particularly tough bunch of fishermen sail out of the little land-locked harbour. They've got to be tough to face the Atlantic gales that blow round their rocky coasts. Often the fishing fleet is held in harbour for days at a time by rough weather — that's when they catch up with the job of mending the nets.

"Is you is, or is you ain't ma hungry baby?"



"The grub's all right — but couldn't Ah go for fried chicken and a big slice of water melon!" "Sambp" is one of a batch of London children evacuated to the nursery school at West Hoathly, in Sussex.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

